

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



THE BEGINNING OF CAPTAIN EVERARD'S SURPRISES.

ROGER KYFFIN'S WARD.

CHAPTER XXIV.—A BALL AT STANMORE, AND WHAT TOOK PLACE AT IT.

MR. SLEECH and his family were enjoying their possession of Stanmore. He had begun to cut down the trees which he and his son had marked, and as many of them were very fine and old, he was delighted to find that they would fetch the full amount he had anticipated. This encouraged him to proceed further. "I have often heard that trees about houses are

not wholesome," he observed. "The more space we can clear away the better, and really a five-pound note to my mind is better than an old tree, with its boughs spreading far and wide over the ground, and shutting out the sunlight. Nothing will grow under old trees except fungi, and the ground may be much better occupied."

A sufficient time had now elapsed, in the opinion of Mr. Sleech, since the death of Colonel Everard, his predecessor, to allow him to give a party at Stanmore without impropriety. The Misses Sleech were

busily employed in sending out invitations. They asked everybody, whether they had called or not. "The chances are they will come," they observed, "and it will not do to be too particular." They were rather surprised to find that several of the principal families in the neighbourhood declined. However, their rooms were sure to be filled, there was no doubt of that. The foreign officers had no scruple about coming, and at a distance there were several families with whom Mr. Sleech was more or less acquainted, who would be glad to accept the invitation. Miss Sleech, Miss Anna Maria Sleech, and Miss Martha, who were out, were very anxious to have their brother Silas. They agreed to write to get him down. They could not ask Mr. Coppinger to allow him to come merely for the sake of a ball; they therefore begged their father from his fertile brain to invent an excuse, which that gentleman had no scruple whatever in doing. The result of that letter has been seen. At the hour he was expected to arrive, the carriage was sent over to meet the coach, but neither in the inside nor on the out was Silas Sleech to be seen.

"Of course he will come to-morrow in plenty of time for the ball," observed his sisters, consoling themselves. Old Mr. Sleech, however, wanted his son's advice and assistance.

The morning before the intended *fête*, when workmen were busy in different parts of the house preparing the rooms, placing tents outside the windows, and arranging flowers and taking up the carpets, a carriage drove up to the door. A gentleman stepped out of it in a naval undress. He looked about him with an air of mute astonishment.

"Who is here? what is taking place?" he asked of the servant who opened the door.

"Why, we are going to have a ball to-night," was the answer. "Who do you want to see?"

"A ball!" exclaimed the stranger. "My aunt and daughter giving a ball! Has Colonel Everard so completely recovered?"

"Why, bless you, Colonel Everard has been dead ever so long, and the Misses Everard are not in the house. My master is Mr. Sleech, the owner of Stanmore. If you want to see him I will take in your name."

"Are you mocking me, man?" exclaimed the stranger. "Where are Madam and Miss Everard?"

"Why, I rather fancy they have gone to live in the town since they were turned out of this," answered the man, with an impudent look.

"Let me see Mr. Sleech immediately, then," said the stranger, entering the house. "I must learn clearly what has taken place without delay. Where is Mr. Sleech?"

"Who wants me?" asked a voice from the study, the door of which faced the entrance. The stranger, advancing with rapid step, entered the room.

"I am Captain Everard, sir," he said, facing Mr. Sleech, who had risen from his chair with a newspaper in his hand. "Let me know, I entreat you, by what means you have come into possession of Stanmore, and tell me did I hear rightly that my uncle is dead?"

"Dead as a door-mat," answered Mr. Sleech, "you may depend on that; and as to how I came into possession of Stanmore, I came in by right of law. I don't want to hurt your feelings, Captain Everard, but you know that legitimacy takes precedence over illegitimacy. It is not a man's fault when

his mother has forgotten to get the marriage ceremony performed; but her children have to take the consequences. You understand me, I need not be more explicit."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Captain Everard, leaning on a chair to support himself, for though a strong man, late events had shaken him. He was yet more completely overcome by the news he had just heard.

"Mean, sir, that your father, Lieutenant Everard, of the Royal Navy, brother of the late Colonel Everard, and of my beloved and departed wife, was never married to your French mother; no witnesses are to be found, and no documents exist to prove that any such marriage ever took place. By right of law, therefore, when my excellent brother-in-law, Colonel Everard, departed this life, I, as the representative of his sister—he having no direct heir—became possessed of this very fine and beautiful estate. It is not my fault that your father was not married; it is not your fault; nor could I forego the privileges and advantages which accrue from possessing this estate."

"You should know, sir, that my father was married. The colonel always believed that he was, and treated me as his heir," answered Captain Everard, with all the calmness he could command. "But, as you say, the law must decide, and if it decide against me, I must submit. You, by some means, have got into possession; I cannot, therefore, turn you out. I can only judge of the way you have treated those dear to me by the manner in which you have received me."

The captain drew himself up, and was about to retire from the room.

"Come, we are relations, though you bear the name of Everard by courtesy," said Mr. Sleech, putting out his hand; "I don't want to quarrel about the matter; your ill-luck is my good-fortune; that's the view of the case I take."

Captain Everard drew back his hand.

"No, sir, no. I cannot impute wrong motives to you; but, at the same time, I cannot pretend friendship to a person who, without apology, casts a stigma on the names of my father and mother."

"As you please, as you please," said Mr. Sleech, in an apparently indifferent tone; "I wish to do you good, but I cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. If you won't receive my kindness, that's your look-out, and not mine."

Captain Everard had always felt an especial dislike to his aunt's husband; it now, very naturally, increased considerably. Still he spoke calmly.

"I must bid you good-day, sir," he said. "For my daughter's sake and my own, you must expect that I will use every means to regain the property which I believe to be rightfully mine."

"And I will do my best to keep what I have got, and I rather think I shall succeed," answered the attorney, as the captain left the room without deigning to cast another look upon his relative.

The door had been left open, and the conversation had been heard by several of the servants and workmen. They were mostly creatures of Mr. Sleech, for he only patronised those he thought likely to serve him in any way he might require. They had collected in the hall as the captain passed through it—some to gaze at him with curiosity, not unmixed perhaps with pity; others holding their hands to their mouths, as if to hide their laughter.

"I told you what was true, captain, although you did not believe me," said the man who had admitted him. "I hope you won't be for doubting a gentleman's word again when he speaks the truth."

The captain made no answer to the fellow's insolence; but, stepping into the post-chaise, ordered the man to drive instantly to Lynderton.

Madam Everard received her nephew with an anxious countenance.

"Where is Mabel?" he exclaimed; "has anything, too, happened to her?"

"She is alive, and I hope well," answered his aunt. "The poor girl, her feelings have been sorely tried, first by her anxiety about you, and then by the fearful position in which Harry Tryon has been placed."

She then told him of the mutiny, and of the way in which Harry had been implicated.

"She knows also that he saved your life, and that of course has not tended to decrease her love for him."

"Harry Tryon saved my life!" exclaimed the captain. "I have not seen him since I met him at Stanmore, that I am aware of."

"But you knew a young seaman called Andrew Brown; did you not recognise Harry Tryon in him?"

"How extraordinary!" exclaimed the captain. "I several times saw the likeness, but could not believe in the possibility of his having come to sea with me. Yes, indeed, he did save my life in a gallant way, and I longed to hear of the lad again, that I might show my gratitude."

"I fear that if he suffers, Mabel's heart will break," said Madam Everard. "Executions of the misguided men are taking place every day. She has, therefore, had no time to lose, for we know not how soon the unhappy young man may have to share the fate of his companions. My heart sickens at having to utter such words. A week has passed since she left me, and I have not since heard of her. I am very anxious as it is, but I should be still more so were she not under the charge of so trustworthy an attendant as Paul Gauntlett."

Captain Everard had been so anxious to hear about his daughter that he had not hitherto inquired of Madam Everard further particulars regarding the circumstances which had compelled her and his daughter to leave Stanmore. They were briefly told.

"I must see Wallace," he said, "and ascertain whether any certificate of my father's marriage exists."

While he was speaking the servant entered, to say that two gentlemen were at the door, and the Baron de Ruigny and Captain Roehard were announced. The latter in his delight, as he entered, seized Captain Everard in his arms.

"My dear friend, I am overjoyed to meet you!" he exclaimed. "What have I heard? Ah! it is too true that you have been deprived of your estate; but though the sun be hidden by a thick cloud, it is sure to burst forth again. Be not troubled about it; I have longed to show how deeply grateful I feel to you for saving my life. Your daughter has told me that you require evidence of your father's marriage to my relative, and I trust that, even now, though so many years have passed, it may be obtained. It shall be my care, at every risk, to search for it. You could not possibly travel in my distracted country. There may be danger for me, but less danger than

there would be for you. If I do not return you will know that I have fallen, and you must then get some one to supply my place. Believe me, though, that it will be my joy and satisfaction to serve you."

"I trust you, count; I feel sure that you will not fail to do your utmost for me."

It was with somewhat painful feelings, not unmixed with contempt, that Madam Everard watched the carriages proceeding down the street towards Stanmore, on the evening of the ball. The spinster ladies had either to walk or to club together to hire the only public vehicle in the place, which was constantly kept moving backwards and forwards, from the first moment at which they could with decency appear at the hall, till a late hour in the evening. Miss Sleafch, and Miss Anna Maria Sleafch and her sisters, of all ages, were dressed out in what they conceived the height of fashion to receive their guests. A few ladies in pattens and high hoods, attended by their maid-servants with umbrellas and lanterns, arrived at an early hour. The Misses Sleafch were not afraid of them, as they were their old acquaintances, and they now treated them with that condescending kindness which they felt was due from themselves in their position. Their dresses were admired; the roses on their cheeks and the patches which they had stuck on their faces. They had time also to exhibit the decorations and the alterations which they had made in the rooms. Mr. Sleafch, in small clothes and pumps, his hair freshly powdered, a huge frill to his shirt, and the neckcloth of many turns round his throat, with a coat, put on for the first time, with a high collar, almost hiding his ears, stood ready to make his bows to those he considered worthy of receiving them. For a few minutes he stood practising flourishes with his cocked hat, having received lately a few private lessons from his daughter's dancing-master, to fit him, as he hoped, for his exalted situation. One thing only was wanting to fill up his cup of happiness, his satisfaction, and pride. He could not help wishing that the eldest scion of his house—the heir of Stanmore—had been present. Even now he thought it possible he might come. At length some guests of greater distinction began to arrive. The officers of the foreign legion of course came, although they were perfectly well aware of the difference between the old and new families; but there was no reason why they should lose an evening's entertainment. The Misses Coppinger also came with an aunt, a Mrs. Simmons, who always went out as their chaperone. They were not aware of the connection between their host and their father's clerk. It is just possible, had they been so, they might have declined the invitation, that gentleman not standing in any way high in their estimation. Before long, Admiral Wallace hobbled in, his voice sounding loud and cheery through the half-filled rooms, as Mr. Sleafch bowed and salaamed to him with due respect, and the Misses Sleafch performed the courtesies they had learned from M. Millepie, their dancing-master.

"Well, Sleafch, you have done the thing well," cried the admiral. "I little thought to see anybody else than an Everard in this house. However, the world's turned upside down; rogues get into honest men's places, and honest men come to the wall—that's the way affairs go at present."

"I am obliged to you for the compliment, Sir James," answered Mr. Sleafch, again bowing, and not knowing whether to take offence.

"I don't mean to call you a rogue, Sleece, of course," answered the admiral, intending to exculpate himself. "Never think of calling a man a rogue in his own house, whatever I may think about the matter."

Happily for both parties, the conversation was cut short by the entrance of General and Mrs. Perkins, whose tall figures completely overwhelmed that of the somewhat diminutive lawyer. Again he bowed as before, now to the lady, now to the gentleman, who returned his salutations in a somewhat cold manner, and passed on, looking round the rooms with inquisitive glances, and making remarks as they passed along. The Misses Sleece curtsied as before. Mrs. Perkins returned their salutes with one of her stiffest bows. Now the people came trooping in more rapidly, and the music at length struck up, to call the dancers into the ball-room, where M. Millepie had been engaged as master of the ceremonies. Bowing to the guests, he assumed his responsible office. Still Mr. Sleece looked round in vain for those he would most have delighted to see. There were several whose names he would not have valued much at the back of a bill, and not a few ladies whose characters would certainly have ill borne any very minute examination. Still he hoped that they would not be observed in the crowd, or attempt to make themselves conspicuous. Vain hope. Their names were quickly buzzed about, and they took good care to be seen dancing with the most dashing of the officers, while they paid constant and especial attention to the Misses Sleece.

At length a real English countess arrived.

She had lately come to Lynderton, and knew very little of the politics of the place, but having received the Misses Sleece's card and an invitation to Stanmore, which she knew to be the principal house in the neighbourhood, her ladyship had accepted the invitation. It is possible that she might have been surprised at the appearance of Mr. Sleece and his family, but was certainly too well-bred to exhibit her opinion. She passed on with her daughters, hoping to take up a retired position, where she could observe what was going on without herself attracting attention. Mr. Sleece, however, was far too delighted at the honour done him to allow her to carry out her intention, and every instant he was coming up and making one of his flourishing bows, either with offers of refreshment, or with a request of being allowed the honour of introducing most eligible partners to Lady Mary and Lady Grace. They, however, from the first, declined dancing, after which, even had they desired it, they could not, without offending those who had first offered, have accepted other partners.

Mr. Sleece was on his way, for about the twentieth time, to the countess, when his eldest daughter came up to him, and, in a hurried voice, said that a person wished to see him on important business.

"Tell him to come in, then; I cannot come out to see him. If he has got any message to deliver, he must deliver it here," answered Mr. Sleece, scarcely knowing what he was saying.

His daughter hurried off. Soon afterwards a man was seen in a horseman's suit passing among the gaily-dressed throng towards the master of the house.

"Who do you come from?" asked Mr. Sleece, eyeing him narrowly.

"From Mr. Coppinger," answered the messenger.

"It is about a matter of importance, and he told me to see you immediately."

"What is it? Is it about my son?" asked Mr. Sleece, in a nervous voice.

"I believe so; but that will tell you," said the man, delivering the letter he held in his hand. Mr. Sleece, in his eagerness, tore it open, forgetting at the moment by whom he was surrounded. His eyes ran rapidly over the paper. With unrepressed anger he broke silence, exclaiming,—

"My son accused of forgery! It is a lie. Mr. Coppinger is a base liar; I will bring an action against him for defamation of character."

The Misses Coppinger, unfortunately, were standing near at the time, and were very naturally indignant at hearing their father thus spoken of.

"The letter says true enough, I have no doubt," observed Mr. Gilby, who had been dancing with one of the young ladies. "If the son he speaks of is Silas Sleece, a more arrant rogue does not exist. I am very certain that he led that young Harry Tryon purposely into all sorts of scrapes, and drove him off at last to sea. Poor fellow! I don't think I told you what I know about him."

His remarks were cut short by the confusion which ensued in consequence of Mr. Sleece's behaviour. The letter he had received, although sent in kindness, had completely overcome him. Had he been in his usual state of composure he would probably have put it in his pocket, and kept its contents secret; but being already excited, having paid constant visits to the refreshment-room in order to keep up his spirits, it drove him beside himself. In vain his friends tried to pacify him. He rushed round the room, exclaiming again, "It is a lie! It is a base lie! My son a rogue! The heir of Stanmore accused of forgery! It is impossible; it is impossible! I defy any one to prove it."

Thus the wretched man went on proclaiming his son's infamy and his own disgrace. Several of the guests, who had been somewhat unwilling to come, on this ordered their carriages. Even the most heartless felt that they could not with propriety remain, and thus the greater part of the company followed the example of the first.

The Misses Coppinger and their aunt got away immediately, attended by Mr. Gilby; and in a short time the gaily-bedecked and highly-lighted rooms were deserted by all the guests, while his children could with difficulty get their father to his room, still but little pacified. The people said, not without reason, that the balls at Stanmore were destined to have a disastrous termination.

THE BAVARIAN TRUMPETER.

"LEARN something, Mang Anton, learn something; who knows how useful it may be to you?" Thus said the parish notary one day many years ago to a fine young lad. Mang Anton considered for a while, and then said, "I don't like to say what I want to learn." "Out with it!" "Well, I want to learn the trumpet!" The notary smiled, for he expected something quite different; however, a man's will is his kingdom, and Mang Anton received a trumpet. For many a year did he trumpet away, well or ill, to the praise of God and the delight of men, at shooting-matches, marriages, family feasts,

and other great occasions, and at last, like other youths, he reached his twenty-first year. As a conscript Mang Anton was fortunate, and drew one of the highest numbers in his district. In 1860 he was ordered to Munich, but every one comforted him by telling him that on account of his high number he would soon be free. He went away joyfully, for he had never seen the residence of the sovereign, and the trumpet would surely be blown well there. A handsome powerful lad, he was soon made a cuirassier in spite of his high number. He passed his time as recruit in the training-school at Nymphenburg. One evening he took the instrument of one of the signal trumpeters, and blew a slow sad strain,—his heart was far away in his home, up among the beautiful mountains among his dear ones there—away among the dreams of his youth. One of the officers heard the strange sound, inquired about him, and Mang Anton was made trumpeter.

About that time he wrote to me, "Oh, how often I think of the words, 'Mang Anton, learn something; who knows how useful it may be to you?'" In 1866 he was still there, and in 1870, after the reduction of his regiment, was made its mounted trumpeter, and accompanied it into France. An extract from one of his letters will show how things prospered with him there.

"I have, as you know, learned not only how to blow the trumpet, but to ride, and was appointed trumpeter to the staff of the Generals on the march. My General is kind to me, and lately I, a mere trumpeter, was allowed to take a ride on a General's horse, in the park at Ferrieres. How beautiful it is! Almost as beautiful as at home in Schwangau! Ferrieres belongs to M. Rothschild. At the very name I involuntarily grasped my poor slender purse, yet I was proud to find myself there, for it is not every one who is allowed to ride in Ferrieres. I heard the trampling of horses, but did not trouble myself about them, and rode on. Suddenly, on coming to a turn, I saw a brilliant suite of officers of high rank before me. I rode to the side, halted, and said to myself, 'Attention!' for at the head of the riders came the old King himself! He looked at me, stopped, and turning to the right, pulled up his horse, and all the rest stopped also. The officer on his right rode forward, and placed me right opposite the King. 'Your Majesty,' said he, 'this is the Bavarian mounted trumpeter, Magnus Höss, of the third regiment (he gave my name and surname without having asked me). His king gave him the cross of merit, and he received the iron cross at Worth-Froschweiler; this is the trumpeter who, under a deadly fire, continued to sound the advance in the attack on MacMahon's camp.' The King reached out his hand to me—me, a poor trumpeter—and all his suite came forward; all but two of them bore the iron cross, and they shook hands with me. Tears rolled over my brown cheeks and moustache, I could not speak a word. I stood alone before the noble riders. He who presented me to the King was none other than the Crown Prince of Prussia. 'Höss,' said he, 'when we came up you threw away a lighted cigar into the garden; you may be glad that it is a time of war, otherwise no man would dare to throw burning cigar-ends into the garden of Rothschild;' then, smiling, he handed me his case, saying, 'May you like the contents,' and pointing to Paris, added, 'We shall meet there!' I rode slowly

away, wiping the tears from my eyes, and it was well I had not my trumpet with me, for in the joy of my heart I would have blown the advance on Paris there and then. Such of the contents of the case as were for smoking I have smoked; they were my first and probably my last royal cigars. The thaler notes which it also contained I will not use, I send them to you for the relief of my poor wounded comrades. The case I will keep as a remembrance of the proudest day of my life, and if I die before you—which, in spite of my youth, I think very likely to be the case—then you shall keep it, for the kind interest you have always taken in me. In that case you will comfort my dear old father and my sisters."

This foreboding was, alas! too soon fulfilled; spared in five battles, he died a few days after this of typhus fever in Corbeil. There lies Magnus Höss, possessor of the iron cross, of the Bavarian military order of merit, and of the medals of 1866—buried there, one sacrifice more for German Fatherland!

THE SECOND GERMAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

BY EDWARD WHYMPER.

SINCE Sir Leopold McClintock started on his memorable voyage in search of Sir John Franklin, no Arctic Expedition has left the shores of Great Britain at the public expense or by public subscription.* In the twelve years which have elapsed since the "Fox" returned, bearing the mournful intelligence that Franklin and his comrades had perished, the United States have sent out two expeditions to the North, Sweden and Russia have each despatched several, the Germans have made two voyages of discovery, and even France, but for the late miserable war, would have had a ship, or more than one, within the Arctic Circle at the present moment;† whilst England, formerly the leader in maritime exploration, has played in these years as unimportant a part as Spain or Turkey!

This is not entirely the fault of our rulers. A few years ago, when there was a movement in the scientific world in regard to Arctic matters, the Government for the time seemed disposed to encourage, rather than to discourage, the project of an expedition; and when a deputation of promoters waited upon the Admiralty, the First Lord naturally and properly inquired, "What is it that you wish done?" He did not get a satisfactory reply. The deputation, in fact, was divided within itself. One section espoused what is termed the Smith Sound route,‡ and the other advocated exploration in the neighbourhood of Spitzbergen. The notion of two expeditions could not be entertained; the promoters could not agree amongst themselves, and so the project came to nothing.

It is not my purpose, and these pages are scarcely the place, to enter into an extended discussion upon the respective merits of these proposed routes to the North Pole. A good deal may be said in favour of either or both of them. To the north of Smith

* Even the celebrated voyage of the "Fox" was performed mainly at the cost of Lady Franklin.

† Lambert, who was to have commanded the French expedition, was killed in the fighting outside Paris in the spring of this year.

‡ It may be observed, for the benefit of those who require to be told it, that Smith Sound is a channel leading northward out of Baffin's Bay.

Sound lies the most northern land at present known; and those who prefer land as a basis for operations rely upon this fact. To the east of the group of islands known collectively as Spitzbergen, there is a great unexplored sea, which may be either navigable or impassable. Some recommend the investigation of this region merely because it is unknown, whilst others cherish the belief that the North Pole will ultimately be attained from this direction, because it is hereabouts that the great warm current which crosses the North Atlantic by a north-easterly course meets with the ever southern-drifting ice of the Arctic Ocean. Dr. Augustus Petermann, the distinguished geographer of Gotha, is amongst those who hold this opinion, and it is, indeed, chiefly owing to his advocacy that the neighbourhood of Spitzbergen has received so much attention during the last few years.

The great warm current of the North Atlantic has been considered for many years, and until quite recently, as an extension of the Gulf stream. At the present moment some very eminent authorities call this belief in question; but I can do no more than just allude to the fact, for I have no space to devote to the new theory. We need not trouble ourselves now whether the current should, or should not, be regarded as an extension of the Gulf stream. It exists as a warm current with a measurable velocity up to high latitudes, and there is not a doubt that it ameliorates the climates of all the lands whose shores it washes. Not to speak of the benefits we ourselves derive from it, it gives to the Norwegian coasts a mild winter temperature, and keeps her ports unfrozen when harbours in corresponding latitudes in the Baltic are fast sealed with ice. It tempers the seasons in Iceland, and carries to the shores of that island, and far beyond, fruits which have been raised in the tropics. Admiral Irminger, of the Danish Navy, mentions the bean of *Mimosa scandens* as being amongst the tropical products which are frequently found on the shores of Iceland. Dr. Rae, the Arctic traveller, says he knows that in the Orkney Islands fruits and plants have been picked up which only grow in the West Indies. And it was, I believe, Humboldt who first referred to the extraordinary case of some casks of palm oil being found on the shores of Spitzbergen, which had been part of the cargo of a ship that was wrecked off Cape Palmas on the coast of Guinea. These casks must first of all have drifted across from Africa to America in the great equatorial current, have entered the Gulf of Mexico, and thence been vomited out by the Gulf stream into the North Atlantic. Facts such as these may be quoted to an indefinite extent, and they prove the existence of the North Atlantic current, and that it is, at least, in *correspondence* with the Gulf stream.

The limits of the Atlantic current in the far north are partly known and partly unknown. It has been already said that it extends up to Spitzbergen. Arrived there, it is split into two. One branch passes up the western shores of the islands, and the other bears away towards Nova Zembla. The boundaries of the former branch are known, and in this direction the current dies out a few miles to the north of Spitzbergen. The latter branch has never been followed out to its farthest limits, and it is precisely this branch that attracts the attention of geographers—of Dr. Petermann in particular.

If Dr. Petermann's suggestions had led to the

despatch of an English expedition to explore the seas between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla,* it is probable that the two voyages about which I shall presently speak would never have been made. The learned doctor, energetic as he is, would have hesitated to enter into competition with Sir Leopold McClintock, when supported by the resources of a great maritime power. But, as we have already seen, no ships were sent from this country. England's backwardness was Germany's opportunity, and Dr. Petermann himself determined to equip an expedition.

The first German Arctic expedition was upon a very modest scale. There was only one ship—a little sloop, no bigger than an ordinary trawling-smack. It left Bergen on the 24th of May, 1868, with a crew of eleven men, under the command of Captain Koldewey. Why Koldewey did not attempt to follow out the eastern branch of the Atlantic current to its farthest limits, and why he steered for the coast of East Greenland, I am at a loss to imagine. But such was the fact, and the result was only what might have been anticipated. He everywhere encountered the heavy flocs which are permanently drifting down the East Greenland coast, and was forced to retreat. He then made his way to Spitzbergen, and, after some severe combats with ice and storms, succeeded in carrying his ship as far as 80° 30' N. latitude. Thence he was obliged to return on account of pack-ice, and he again essayed to reach the Greenland coast. Again he was baffled, although this time he succeeded in approaching the land closer than upon his first attempt. He then steered northwards once more, managed to pass round the great island of Spitzbergen, and made some small discoveries upon its eastern shores. Finally he turned his ship's head towards the pole again, and struggled manfully to get northwards. On the 14th of September he was in 81° 5' N. latitude, but beyond this he could not go. Heavy ice and foggy weather rendered navigation extremely perilous during the nights, and at last he turned back, ran rapidly home, and re-entered the port of Bergen on the 30th of September.

The narrative of this expedition was published in Petermann's "Mittheilungen," Jan. 18, 1871, and the reader is referred to that publication for further details. The account reads like a page from Hakluyt, and the admirable map which accompanies it shows at a glance how pertinaciously Koldewey returned to the attack. A less persevering man than Petermann would have been discouraged at the ill success, and a less generous one would have sent Koldewey about his business, and would have looked out for another captain. Petermann did nothing of the kind. He got together the funds for a second expedition, and gave his gallant though unsuccessful commander another opportunity of distinguishing himself.

The second German Arctic expedition started from Bremen on the 15th of June, 1869. This time there were two vessels. One, a screw steamer of 140 tons, was (like the first ship) called the "Germania." The other, a good-sized brig, was named the "Hansa." The former had a crew of seventeen, and the latter of fourteen men. Both ships were provisioned for two years, and they were directed, in the first instance, to make for the Pendulum Islands,† on the

* Lieutenant Payer, whose name will be mentioned presently, has this year gone on a voyage of discovery to this unexplored sea.
† In N. lat. 74° 40'. See the accompanying map.

east coast of Greenland, to trace the continuation of that great continent to the north, to pass a winter in the ice if necessary, and then to proceed by sledge towards the pole. I am at a loss to understand why Dr. Petermann gave these directions. We know from the experience of scores of navigators that if there is a coast difficult to reach and impracticable to sail along, it is the coast of East Greenland. It has been known for centuries that a stream of polar ice is incessantly drifting, summer as well as winter, towards the south-west along those shores. In some seasons the icy barrier is more, and in others less, formidable, but it is always there. Sometimes westerly winds blow it off the coast and produce a belt of navigable water. Some of the bays and fiords, protected by projecting headlands, are frequently free from sea (floe) ice in the summer time, but a little way off the stream of pack-ice is always found. Sometimes storms will separate the pack and cause lanes of open water through which the coast may be gained, but I believe there is no instance on record of a ship having made the east coast of Greenland without considerable difficulty, not to say danger.

The German explorers met with just the same experiences as all those who had preceded them. They encountered the heavy polar sea-ice in lat. $74^{\circ} 49'$ W., long. $10^{\circ} 50'$, and the "Hansa," which was chiefly laden with fuel for the use of the "Germania," was speedily separated from her consort. The "Hansa" became inextricably fixed in the pack, and drifted helplessly to the south along the coast. On the 22nd of October she was crushed and sank, and her crew had to take refuge on the floe that destroyed the ship. Fortunately for the men, they were able to secure a large quantity of the provisions and bricks of patent fuel with which the ship was laden, before she disappeared beneath the ice. The floe which destroyed the "Hansa" and saved the crew was at first of considerable dimensions, but collisions with others, and stormy weather, gradually reduced its size. The men built a hut out of the bricks of fuel, banked up the walls outside with snow, and seem to have made light of their peril. Anyhow they declare that they passed a merry Christmas! Was ever Christmas kept by mortal man in stranger circumstances? In the two months which they had lived upon their ice-raft, they had drifted more than 400 miles. They were then about thirty miles from the nearest land, and could not reach it; tossed about by wind and tempest upon a revolving sheet of ice! They could have had very little expectation that they would see their fatherland or families again, or that their fate would ever be known. Men who could be really and truly merry under such circumstances must have been very remarkable men indeed—the conditions would have been trying to a Mark Tapley. There was one stormy night, about a fortnight after Christmas, which must have made even these bold hearts quail. *The floe was split beneath their feet, and their little hut was ruined.* They fled for refuge to their boats, but they must have thought that their last hour had arrived. They weathered this storm, however, and rebuilt their hut out of the ruins. The new house was too small to hold them all, and some had to live outside it. All this time they were ever drifting to the south—sometimes near to the land, and sometimes blown far away from it. On the 27th of November they were just midway between Iceland and Greenland, and more than seventy miles distant from

either. Then, on the 3rd of January, 1870, they were driven quite close to the Greenland coast, but still were unable to reach it. This tossing about by wind and waves continually reduced the size of the floe, and at last it was only 100 paces across. In this manner the crew of the "Hansa" voyaged for *seven months*—the inclement winter months of the Arctic regions. In this time they drifted fully *one thousand one hundred miles*. On the 7th of May they were at last able to launch their boats, but it was not until four weeks later that they succeeded in gaining the shores of Greenland. Their troubles even then were not over. At length, on the 13th of June, they arrived at Friedrichsthal, and received a hearty welcome at that little Danish settlement. All the crew survived these extraordinary adventures, but *one* of the fourteen went mad.*

The "Germania" was more fortunate. Her steam-power gave her, of course, a great advantage over the "Hansa." She gained the East Greenland coast, and after pressing up it as far as lat. $75^{\circ} 30'$, returned to the Pendulum Islands (lat. $74^{\circ} 30'$) to winter. The explorers made sundry excursions in this neighbourhood, which have corrected and enlarged our knowledge of the coast. These journeys must be skipped over to make way for the more important ones. At the end of the year the cold was considerable, and at the beginning of January, 1870, the temperature fell as low as 40° Faht. Frightful storms also occurred, and on one occasion nearly broke up the ice around the ship, "yet these brave and simple-hearted men," says Sir Leopold McClintock, "were not cast down by the gloomy terrors of their situation, for Captain Koldewey thus describes their Christmas revels:—'They danced by starlight upon the ice; they celebrated Christmas Eve with open doors, the temperature being 25° Faht.; they made a Christmas-tree with evergreen *Andromeda*; they decorated the cabin with flags, and laid out upon their tables the presents prepared for this occasion by kindly hands; each received his share, and universal cheerfulness prevailed.' After this festive season, they set themselves to prepare the equipments for their spring sledging-journeys; the most important of these journeys having for its object the attainment of the highest possible degree of north latitude."

On the 8th of March they thought themselves sufficiently prepared to start for the north, but the weather was against them, and they returned almost immediately to the ship to wait for a more favourable season. On the 24th of March they set out again with their sledge. There were eight men to drag it, including Captain Koldewey and Lieutenant Payer. They had anything but an agreeable time of it upon this journey. The narrative of it is one long record of wading through snow, struggling against difficulties, and of combating with cold north winds and hungry polar bears. Of the two, they seemed to prefer to fight the bears. The progress was painfully slow, nevertheless they continued to get forward. Man can stand a deal of cold and hard labour so long as there is fuel to keep up the vital spark. As long as their food lasted they

* In the year 1777, ten whaling ships were entrapped in this ice off the coast of East Greenland. They were enclosed in June, in lat. 76° , and drifted (just as the crew of the "Hansa" drifted) in a south-westerly direction, that is, towards Cape Farewell. The whole of these ships were crushed one after the other—the last one on the 11th of October, in lat. 61° , in sight of Greenland. The crews of these vessels amounted to 450 men, and of this number only 116 escaped.

continued to get north, in spite of their sledge breaking down, and their tent blowing down, and the fights with polar bears and the cold north wind. At last their food gave out and they gave in. They had then arrived at 77° N. lat., and were, as the crow flies, 150 geographical miles distant from their ship. Cold and hungry and weary, they were obliged to turn back. Says Lieutenant Payer, "We had an ardent desire to lift the veil which covers the Arctic world. Like so many before us, we had to stop short of our aim. We were compelled to disbelieve in the existence of an *open polar sea*. To the farthest horizon the ocean was covered with a solid sheet of ice, over which, had we not been short of provisions, we might have continued our journey. . . . A solemn, earnest feeling fills the mind of the most sober of human beings who treads on virgin soil, as land is revealed to his gaze upon which mortal eye has never rested. . . . The North German and the Austrian flags wave there beside each other in the light north breeze. . . . We erected a cairn (which perhaps will never be seen again to the end of time), deposited beneath it a bottle containing a short account of our journey, and, after Koldewey had finished his observations and I had made a sketch, we departed and travelled back to our tent."

The return to the ship was a laborious piece of work. Some musk oxen obligingly came within gunshot, and saved the travellers from immediate starvation. Without these they would have fared badly indeed. We are told that the scanty food and the constant exposure to variable temperatures produced such a constant drowsiness that the men walked along with closed eyes, and, immediately a halt was called, fell asleep! On the 19th of April they chronicled as a remarkable circumstance that they got a good sleep! Altogether they were thankful for small mercies, and rejoiced greatly when they slew a bear, for that, said they, gave us the means of cooking our food and getting water, and prevented us from cutting up our sledge for firing! Much new snow fell, and rendered their work extremely toilsome. The men sank, of course, knee deep or more than that in the snow, and the sledge was dragged through and under, rather than over it. In fact, the sledge's manner of progression, they said, resembled swimming as much as sliding. The cold froze their meat so hard that it was impossible to gnaw it, and, whenever they rested, they employed their leisure moments in cutting it into shavings that they might consume it in their coffee. At length they were able to utilise the wind, and, by means of a sail made out of their provision sacks, made it waft their sledge along, and so spared themselves the labour of pulling at the drag-rope. They now got along quickly, and on the 27th of April arrived again at their ship safe and tolerably sound, although pretty considerably used up. They had been absent thirty-four days, and during this time, reckoning out and home, had covered five degrees of latitude, which, one day with another, would amount to about ten English miles per day. This is assuming that they travelled in a straight line, which they did not. Allowing for the deviations, they probably journeyed at least fifteen miles per day. This was a very fair rate, and it was creditable to men who were new to sledge-travelling.*

* A portion of their track only is included in our map, which has been copied from an excellent chart that appeared in Petermann's "Mittheilungen," April 26, 1871, of the whole of the coast visited by this expedition.

During the next two months several excursions were made in the ship's neighbourhood, and valuable geological, zoological, and botanical collections were secured. On the 10th of July the ice round the ship began to break up, and on the 22nd the "Germania" once more steamed northward. By following a narrow channel between ice, which was still attached to the land, and the southern drifting pack outside, they were able to advance as far as the north-east cape of Shannon Island. Beyond this they could not penetrate; unbroken ice stretched away in all directions; and, feeling that progress farther to the north was hopeless, the ship's head was turned round again, and she returned by the way she had come.

We now arrive at the great discovery made by this expedition, a discovery which has deservedly excited a good deal of attention in this country. The ship was off Cape Hold with Hope, and I expect, if the truth were known, it would be found that the explorers were very downcast at having to return in their tracks. Payer and Dr. Copeland—a pair of indefatigable travellers—went on shore and ascended some high hills to see what could be seen of the interior. They were agreeably surprised to find that they were in the immediate vicinity of a great fiord which stretched far away to the west. Its termination could not be perceived, but they saw that it branched out in numerous directions. The thought immediately occurred to them that this might be the great fiord which it is traditionally said stretched from the east to the west coast of Greenland, and insulates the southern portion of that immense continent.* They hastened back to the ship and reported their discovery. Steam was got up, and they entered the inlet without difficulty.† The water was free from floe ice, and was of an immense depth. Icebergs 200 feet high were floating in it, and they found no bottom at 3,000 feet. The surrounding scenery was of the grandest character. Cliffs, thousands of feet in height, rose directly from the water's edge; mighty glaciers filled the valleys and ravines, and entered the fiord—giving birth to the icebergs which were just now mentioned; and sparkling waterfalls bounded from ledge to ledge down the great precipice. The country was everywhere mountainous, and the peaks became more and more important as the explorers proceeded towards the west. They pressed on, for of course they wished to get to the most westerly possible longitude, and neglected the branches which radiated to the north and south from the main fiord, which latter went at first towards the north-west and ultimately towards the south-west. After going up this for about seventy miles they brought the ship to anchor, for the engineer had worked continuously for thirty-two hours, and was exhausted, and, worse than that, the boiler was beginning to leak badly. The nimble Payer again set out with Copeland and a sailor to

* Upon our map this inlet is called the Franz Josef Fiord.

† The Greenland Esquimaux upon the west coast have a tradition that a frith formerly extended completely across the continent, and that it has become choked up and concealed by ice. Modern travellers and geographers have built upon this tradition the notion that there is a fiord stretching across the continent at the present time. Amongst others, Captain Scoresby thought this might be the case with the great inlet which he discovered on the east coast in 1822, and named Scoresby's Sound. When I was travelling in West Greenland in 1867 I paid some attention to this subject, and ascended eminences at different parts of the coast to see whether anything was to be seen of an inland-stretching fiord. I saw no sign of one, nor could I learn from questioning the natives and Danes (who were intimately acquainted with the coast to the north and south of the districts I visited) that there is any foundation in fact for the widely extended belief that a large part of the continent is insulated from the rest of it.



PETERMANN SPITZE, IN EAST GREENLAND,

DISCOVERED BY THE SECOND GERMAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION, AUG. 11, 1870. ESTIMATED HEIGHT, 14000 FEET.

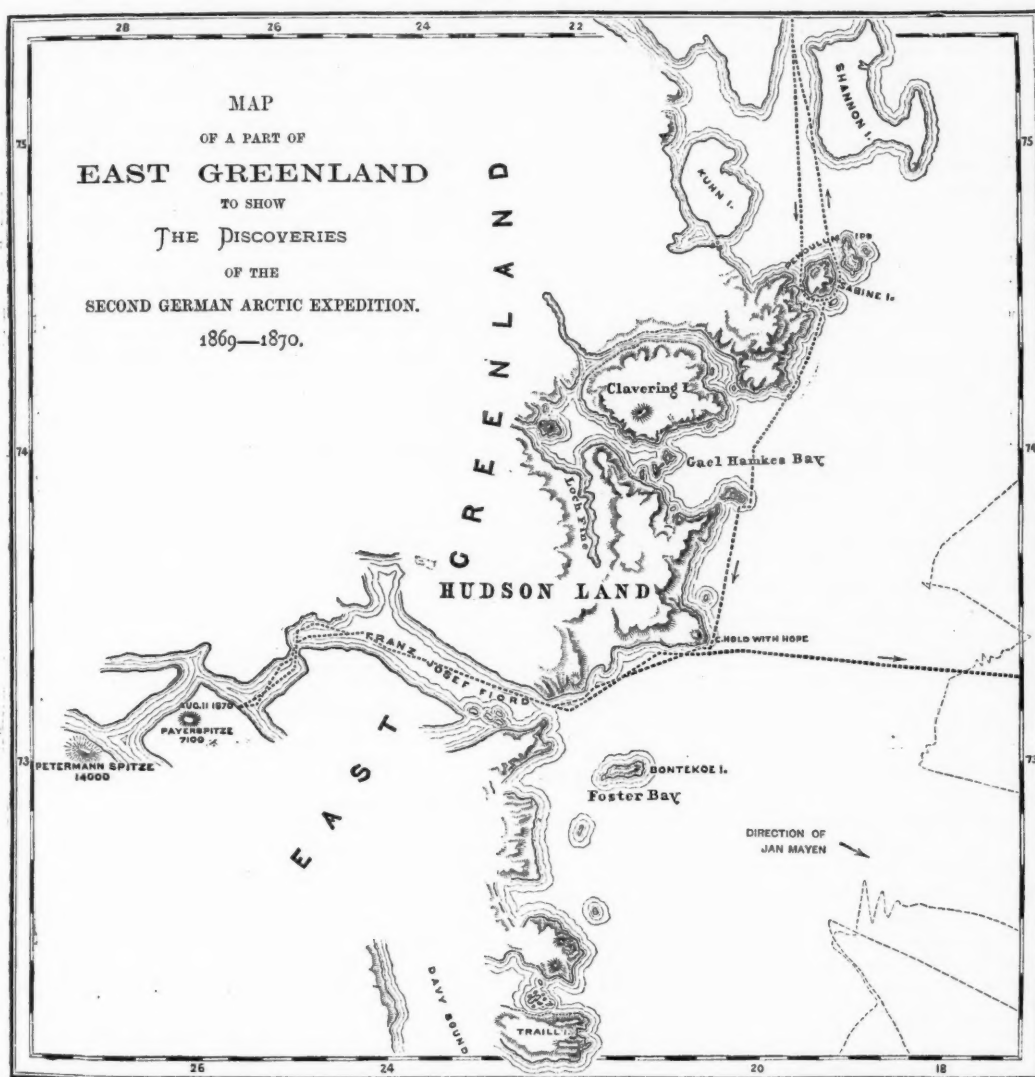
8
o
n
r

vie
stil
and
we
gre
tha
Gre
no
of
It
Gre
mo
I

inter

spy out the land. With some little trouble they gained a peak 7,000 feet high, which was situated on the south of the fiord. This mountain, on the map, is called Payer Spitze. Their labours were well rewarded. From their elevated station they had a

that further exploration would discover even loftier peaks. He saw some pyramids in the far-off distance, which he fancied might exceed the altitude of Petermann Spitze. Other expeditions may perhaps discover ranges which surpass the famous chain of



view of almost boundless extent, and saw their inlet still directed towards the west, and fresh turnings and windings leading out of it; whilst in the farthest west they perceived a range of giant mountains, greater than any they had yet seen, and loftier far than any which have hitherto been measured in Greenland. The principal peak they estimated to be no less than 14,000 English feet high, and the name of Petermann has been very properly attached to it. It is safe to predict that Petermann Spitze in East Greenland will hereafter rank with the celebrated mountains of the world.

Payer sketched the view,* and thought it possible

* We have been permitted by Dr. Petermann to reproduce this highly interesting sketch.—Ed.

Mont Blanc, and peaks which rival Mount Everest—Greenland, perhaps, may become the hunting ground of the Alpine Club of the future. Whether this should be so, or whether the land should remain tenanted only by the poor Esquimaux and the hungry polar bear, I trust, at least, that the Germans will not be content with the laurels they have gained. I hope that they will crown their great discovery by the ascent of Petermann Spitze,—not for the barren honour of doing the thing, but that they may cast their eyes over the vast unknown interior of Greenland, and so reap in a single hour a harvest of discoveries that could not be gathered in months—nay, in years—by toiling along the valleys and around the coasts.

The explorers must have been profoundly mortified to learn that they were compelled to leave this fascinating spot, just at a time when valuable results seemed attainable with comparative ease. Prudence dictated retreat, and Koldewey gave the word to go back. He did this because the boiler of the "Germania" was becoming very leaky, and his fuel was rapidly coming to an end. He feared being caught in the pack ice, which he had to penetrate on the homeward voyage. The result proved that he acted wisely. It took him a week to force a way through the pack, and on the 24th of August, just after he got clear of it, the boiler would not act any longer, and the remainder of the voyage had to be performed under canvas. If this had occurred only two days earlier, the "Germania" would have stood an excellent chance of meeting with the same fate as the "Hansa." No more adventures occurred. The travellers had a prosperous run home, and on the 11th of September arrived at Bremen.

In the merest outline, such is the story of the second German Arctic expedition. I understand that a full account of it will be published in Germany in the course of next season, and that we may expect a translation to appear in England. When this work is accessible, we shall be better able to appreciate the labours of Koldewey and his associates. At the present time we only know that they have made valuable and interesting collections, have laid down originally or have very considerably corrected about two degrees of latitude of coast-line, and have given us for the first time a glimmering of the nature of the interior of the land. Small as this amount of work may seem to some, it is nevertheless an important contribution to our knowledge of East Greenland.

The earliest authentic account of any part of East Greenland is that of the renowned navigator Henry Hudson, who in 1607 coasted the very shores which have been mapped by the Germans. Hudson expressly stated that he perceived a *current setting to the south-west* (the current which bears the polar ice to, and beyond, Cape Farewell). Sundry Dutch whaling captains, who followed Hudson, touched at or sighted the same shores, but, as far as I am aware, none of them laid down the coast with any approach to precision.* Captain Scoresby the younger was the first man who fixed the position of some of the most prominent portions of the coast-line with anything like accuracy. In the summer of 1822, when in search of whales, he seized a favourable opportunity and ran in close to the land. He stood on and off the coast, and laid down roughly, although with tolerable correctness, the whole of its principal features from the sixty-ninth to the seventy-fifth degree of north latitude. The Germans have amended his work very considerably, but Scoresby's reputation will not suffer much on that account. His observations were made (for the most part) at a distance of several miles from the land, and it was never supposed that he made anything except a rough running survey, which, necessarily, was open to correction.† He was followed by Captain Clavering, who with Captain Sabine (now General Sir E. Sabine, K.C.B.) made a voyage in 1823. The Pendulum Islands were the head-quarters of this expedition, which was under-

taken to carry on special scientific researches rather than to make geographical discoveries. Corrections and additions were made by Clavering to Scoresby's work, but upon the whole he left the map of Greenland pretty nearly what it had been before. Far more important contributions were made by Captain Graah, of the Danish Royal Navy, in 1828-31. Starting from the most southern of the Danish settlements, Graah voyaged along the coast as far as 65° 30' N. lat., in a frail Greenland women's or skin boat. During the greater part of the time that the voyage occupied, Graah was unaccompanied by Europeans, and he passed a winter by himself with the Esquimaux. The whole of the coast-line from Cape Farewell to 65½° N. lat., as it at present appears on our maps, is laid down upon the sole authority of Graah. Between his most northern point and Scoresby's most southern point, a distance of about 400 English miles, our maps are absolutely blank, and it is not known that any portion of this large extent of coast-line has ever been trodden by Europeans. The Danes claim dominion over these unvisited shores, and indeed conceded the right to trade with them some years ago to a Mr. Taylor.* Disputes may hereafter arise as to the possession of this unknown land, and ambitious rulers may make them an excuse for extinguishing the Danish kingdom. Looking at the pretexts which have been iniquitously seized upon for the declaration of war in modern times, I confess that this, although improbable, seems to me to be far from impossible.

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

INCIDENTAL NOTES AND PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY JOHN TIMBS.

XVII.—NOTABLE LORD MAYORS.

I RESUME my notes of Lord Mayors and memorable mayoralties at a troublous period.

1830, 1831. Alderman Key had two years of this political strife. The invitation to dine with the Lord Mayor and Corporation, on November 9, in the Guildhall, declined by King William IV. This resolution was come to by the responsible advisers of his Majesty,—that he could not venture with safety to his person, on account of the Reform excitement. [The details of the arrangement have been given in the notice of Sir Claudius Stephen Hunter, see page 693.] The show and inauguration dinner were accordingly omitted. Next year New London Bridge was opened with great state by King William and Queen Adelaide, when Lord Mayor Key was created a baronet; he was re-elected Mayor during the Reform Bill agitation.

1832. Sir Peter Laurie, Lord Mayor; famous for his public spirit and intelligence in "putting down" gigantic frauds, and the "drowning mania," and his determined opposition to wood-paving. But Sir Peter, though eccentric, was a man of remarkable sagacity and intelligence.

1836. William Taylor Copeland, in whose mayoralty was commenced the restoration of Crosby Hall, the finest example in the metropolis of the domestic

* Through these voyages, map-makers, a century and a half or two centuries ago, obtained a very fair approximate idea of the trend of the coast.

† A portion of Scoresby's track is laid down on our map. Scoresby's map was published in his well-known work, "Journal of a Voyage to the Northern Whale Fishery, 1823."

* Mr. Taylor has never been able to reach the east coast, and so his concession has proved worthless. He made several attempts to gain it, some years ago, in perhaps the finest screw steamer that has ever sailed in the Arctic seas.

mansion of Perpendicular work. The first stone of the new work was laid, June 27, by Lord Mayor Copeland, alderman of Bishopsgate Ward, when the hall was decorated with banners and strewed with rushes, and an Elizabethan breakfast served upon the long tables. Copeland succeeded Spode, the artistic potter, and was the last tenant of the old Portugal Street Theatre, Lincoln's Inn Fields. The alderman died "Father of the City."

1837. Alderman Kelly, Lord Mayor at the accession of her Majesty. When a lad, Kelly came from Chevening, in Kent, to seek his fortune, and lived with Alexander Hogg, the publisher, in Paternoster Row, for £10 a year wages. He slept under the shop-counter for the security of the premises. He was reported to his master as "too slow" for the situation, but Mr. Hogg thought him a "bidable boy," and he remained. This incident, as we shall see, shows upon what apparently trifling circumstances sometimes a man's future prospects depend. Kelly succeeded Mr. Hogg in the business, became alderman of the ward of Farringdon Within, and served as Sheriff and Mayor, the cost of which exceeded the fees and allowances by the sum of £10,000. He lived upon the same spot sixty years, and died in his eighty-fourth year. He was a benevolent man, and reminded one of the pious Lord Mayor Sir Thomas Abney. He composed some prayers for his own use, which were subsequently printed for private distribution. At the accession of her Majesty, Lord Mayor Kelly was summoned by the Privy Council to give his attendance, when his lordship was introduced to the Queen, took his seat as a privy councillor, and attached his signature to the proclamation of her Majesty's accession, which he subsequently caused to be made in the City with the customary formalities. It was expected that Alderman Kelly would have been honoured with a baronetcy at the close of his mayoralty, during which he had presented an address of congratulation to the youthful sovereign on the attainment of her majority as heiress-presumptive to the throne; he had attended her first council, and had officially assisted at her proclamation, and her Majesty became the guest of the Corporation and dined at the Guildhall; but, for all these services, his successor was rewarded with a baronetcy, an inconsistency which should have been prevented by the ministers explaining to the youthful sovereign the position of the Corporation in the matter.

1837. Alderman Sir John Cowan was created a baronet by Queen Victoria, on her visit to the Guildhall to dine with the Lord Mayor and Corporation, on November 9th. His lordship received her Majesty at Temple Bar, and then rode on horseback, bearing the City sword of state immediately before the Queen in procession to the Guildhall. In the following week the Lord Mayor's inauguration dinner was given at the Guildhall, preceded by the show, in which was something like the revival of the ancient pageantry in the two colossal figures of Gog and Magog, the giants from Guildhall. Each walked in the procession by means of a man withinside, who ever and anon turned their faces, and as the figures were fourteen feet high, their features were on a level with the first-floor windows. They were extremely well contrived.

1838. Alderman Wilson, Lord Mayor, signalled his year of office by giving at the Mansion House a banquet to 117 connections of the Wilson family, being above the age of nine years. At this festival,

the usual civic state and ceremonial were maintained, the sword and mace borne, etc. But after the loving cup had been passed round, the attendants were dismissed in order that the free family intercourse might not be restricted during the remainder of the evening. A large number of the Wilson family, including the alderman himself, have grown rich in the silk trade. The alderman holds the appointment of Harbinger to the Queen, and is specially attentive to matters of civic state. During his mayoralty he used the City state-coach twelve times, each at the expense of twenty pounds.

1839. Sir Chapman Marshall, Lord Mayor, who received knighthood, when sheriff, in 1831, rose from humble life, which he thus avowed at a public festival: "My Lord Mayor and gentlemen, I want words to express the emotions of my heart. You see before you a humble individual who has been educated at a parochial school. I came to London in 1805, without a friend; I have not had the advantage of a classical education; but this I will say, my Lord Mayor and gentlemen, that you witness in me what may be done by the earnest application of honest industry; and I trust that my example may induce others to aspire, by the same means, to the distinguished situation which I have now the honour to fill."

1841. Alderman Pirie entered on his mayoralty the day the Prince of Wales was born; and received a baronetcy on the christening of the Prince. In his mayoralty show, being a shipowner, he made a characteristic addition to the procession—though a very ancient feature of a Lord Mayor's show—a ship, fully rigged and manned, which sailed up Cheapside, as "in days lang syne." It was a model of an East Indiaman, of large size, fully rigged, her yards filled with boys from the Naval Schools, and it was placed in a car drawn by six horses. At his inauguration dinner, in the Guildhall, Sir John avowed, "I little thought, forty years ago, when I came to the City of London, a poor lad from the banks of the Tweed, that I should ever arrive at so great a distinction."

1842. Alderman John Humphery, Lord Mayor, the well-known wharfinger of Southwark, for which borough he sat in parliament for several sessions. He was a very active member of the Corporation, and ably represented the dignity as well as the hospitality of the City: of him it could never be said, "cool was his kitchen." Alderman Humphery, it is stated, bought much of the stone of which old London Bridge was built, and this he sold to Alderman Harmer, for the erection of his fine seat, Ingress Abbey, on the Thames beyond Erith.

1843. Alderman Sir William Magnay, Bart., Lord Mayor (the second son of Christopher Magnay, Lord Mayor in 1822), received a baronetcy at the inauguration of the new Royal Exchange by Queen Victoria. The royal and civic procession was very splendid, the Lord Mayor on horseback bearing the City sword of state, and immediately preceding her Majesty.

1845. Alderman John Johnson, Lord Mayor, had executed many important engineering works, as bridges, dockyards, and the erection of the stupendous Plymouth breakwater. In his mayoralty took place the last "Lord Mayor's View of the Thames," from Oxford to Hampton Court. It extended to four days, and cost the City several hundred pounds; attempts were made to put down the festivities, but Lord Mayor Johnson did not take this view of the matter, and a glorious Corporation fête was the result.

1848. Alderman Sir James Duke, Lord Mayor, was knighted as sheriff, and in his mayoralty was created a baronet on the opening of the new Coal Exchange by the Prince Consort, Sir James being then a coal factor. He sat in parliament for Boston and London.

1849. Alderman Thomas Farncomb, Lord Mayor; one of the prime contributors to the success of the Great Exhibition of 1851. He gave at the Mansion House a state banquet to Prince Albert and the Mayors of most of the boroughs of the United Kingdom, in honour of the projected Exhibition; yet the baronetcy was conferred on his successor. Alderman Farncomb was a native of Hastings, and the first Sussex man who had filled the civic chair for more than 200 years; he was during his mayoralty entertained by the Mayor and Corporation of Rye with a most hearty welcome.

1850. Sir John Musgrove, Lord Mayor, received the Queen at an evening entertainment in the Guildhall, July 9, 1851. This year the Lord Mayor's show was re-designed, chiefly upon the suggestion of Mr. George Godwin, F.S.A. It comprised personations of Peace, on a white palfrey; and Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; animals of various countries, including a living elephant of Africa; plants and fruits; a ship in full sail, over a globe, and drawn by six horses; a state barge; allegorical figures, etc. The result was extremely picturesque and effective.

1851. Alderman William Hunter, Lord Mayor; of good family, and a schoolfellow, at Bury St. Edmunds, of Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of London. Alderman Hunter was a benevolent citizen, ever mindful of the wants of the poor and the education of their children, several of whom followed his remains to the grave.

1854. Alderman Sir Francis Graham Moon, Lord Mayor, the eminent printseller and connoisseur of art, and a worthy successor of Alderman Boydell. His mayoralty was very brilliant, and he received his baronetcy on the occasion of the visit of the Emperor and Empress of the French, who were entertained by the Mayor and Corporation at the Guildhall.

1855. Alderman David Salomons, the first Lord Mayor of the Jewish persuasion. His mayoralty was distinguished by his liberal and enlightened views, including a temperate reprehension of some evil-minded attempts to exaggerate the nuisance of the Guy-Fawkes-day absurdities; and the erasure of the libellous inscription from the Monument, on Fish Street Hill, attributing the Great Fire of London to Roman Catholics. These are acts of justice worthy of the age in which the Jewish citizen was first admitted to the full enjoyment of his municipal rights. Sir David Salomons was returned M.P. for Greenwich in 1851, but could not take his seat in parliament owing to the Jewish disabilities, the usual oath "on the true faith of a Christian" being still required; but in 1858 he was allowed to take his seat by a resolution of the House. He was created a baronet in 1869.

1853. Alderman Sidney, Lord Mayor. The show was remodelled as a procession of all nations: cars of Justice, Peace, and Prosperity; standard-bearers of various nations, etc. In the previous year Alderman Sidney had received the thanks of the Court of Aldermen, and his portrait painted by Sir William Ross, in recognition of his great services to the City, by which was saved £4,000 a year to the funds.

1858. Alderman David Williams Wire, Lord Mayor, was one of a large family of a tradesman at Colchester; yet he had the advantage of a liberal edu-

cation. He came to London and articulated himself to a City solicitor, and by his intelligence and industry was advanced to be partner, and ultimately head of the firm. Early in his mayoralty he was afflicted with paralysis, of which he recovered, but died on Lord Mayor's Day, 1860! He had been an active advocate of sanitary and educational measures, a liberal politician, and a man of cultivated taste.

1859. Alderman John Carter, of Cornhill, Lord Mayor (formerly Messrs. Arch, the publishers), is a very successful chronometer maker, having received several Government rewards.

1860-61. Alderman William Cubitt, the eminent builder, was re-elected Lord Mayor. He was alderman of Langbourn, of which ward also Sir John Key, alderman, was re-elected 1830-31. The alderman's granddaughter married into the family of the Earl of Harewood.

1862. Alderman William Anderson Rose, the most brilliant civic event in whose mayoralty was the reception of the Princess Alexandra of Denmark and the Prince of Wales by the Corporation in state, March 7, 1863. The marriage of their Royal Highnesses took place at Windsor, March 10, and subsequently they were present at a grand entertainment in the Guildhall. The civic festivities and presents (including a diamond necklace, 10,000 guineas) cost the Corporation some £60,000; yet, owing to political pique, no distinction was conferred upon Alderman Rose until 1867, when he received knighthood. He is alderman of Queenhithe, where in nearly adjacent houses have resided three Mayors of our time—Venables, Hooper, and Rose.

1863. Alderman William Lawrence, Lord Mayor; completing the unprecedented instance of a father and two sons filling the office of aldermen, and serving sheriff. The father was alderman of Bread Street Ward, and sheriff in 1849; he died in 1855, before he had succeeded to the mayoralty. His son, above named, received the vacant gown, and served sheriff in 1857; and his brother, James Clarke Lawrence, was elected alderman in 1860; served sheriff in 1862, and Lord Mayor in 1869, when he received a baronetcy on the opening of the Holborn Viaduct at the close of his mayoralty. The two brothers sit in parliament for London and Lambeth.

1864. Alderman Warren Stormes Hale, Lord Mayor; by whose praiseworthy exertions was mainly established the City of London School, in 1855, when the first stone was laid by Lord Brougham, October 21.

1865. Alderman Sir B. S. Phillips, Lord Mayor; the first Jew admitted into the municipality of London, and the second Lord Mayor of that faith. He discharged the honours of the office most felicitously; and he had the honour to entertain at the Mansion House the Prince of Wales, and the King and Queen of the Belgians; and at the close of his mayoralty he received knighthood. His father was a Prussian.

1867. Sir Thomas Gabriel, Bart., Lord Mayor; created a baronet on the occasion of receiving the Sultan at the Guildhall.

1868. Alderman William Ferneley Allen, Lord Mayor. The City state-coach did not appear in his show. He is the son of the late W. H. Allen, publisher, Leadenhall Street, and senior partner in the present firm. The family of the Allens have been for many years well known in the service of the East India Company, especially in the Bengal Presidency.

1869. Alderman Robert Besley, from Exeter, Lord Mayor, formerly proprietor of the famous type-foundry in Fann Street, Barbican. A man of considerable ability and shrewdness, and of a rare spirit of independence.

1870. Alderman Thomas Dakin, who has been fairly characterised as "a man of quick perception and clear judgment, and possessing considerable scientific and general knowledge." He studied at the then newly-opened University College. At his start in public life he gave, at the London Mechanics' Institution, two courses of lectures on electricity and its application to chemistry, to large audiences. He next entered on business in the City as an exporting chemist and druggist, side by side with his brother, and attained commercial success. He, in 1861, succeeded the late Sir George Carroll as alderman of Candlewick Ward, recommended by "the uprightness and sound judgment with which he had long discharged his municipal functions, and the general regard entertained for his personal character." Among his public services is his prominent part in breaking down the City gas monopoly by promoting the Great Central City Gas Company. Nor must be forgotten his active support of Mr. Charles Pearson, in his almost hopeless efforts to construct the Metropolitan Railway, when the Corporation subscribed £200,000, since repaid manifold.

THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

WE are very sorry to find that strong efforts are being made to disturb the peaceful and conciliatory policy towards the frontier Indians which has hitherto prevailed under President Grant's administration. The last report from General Sheridan counsels energetic measures of repression, and asks for increase of the regular troops under his command. We hope that this demand will not be acceded to, except under the most urgent necessity. At one of the closing meetings of the last Senate at Washington, Senator Scott, of Pennsylvania, recalled the success that had always attended the peaceable negotiations of the Society of Friends with the Indians. Senator Fowler, of Tennessee, affirmed that the Indians had just causes of complaint, both from the cruelties of the white settlers and from the frauds of Government agents. "Not more than a fourth of the appropriations voted ever reached the tribes," he said, "the rest being swallowed up by hungry vultures hanging around for this purpose." The same statements were made by the most respectable portion of the press, and by other organs of public opinion. The "New York Tribune" declared that the Quakers, in their dealings with the Indians, had been the means of saving countless lives and millions of treasure. The last General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church passed resolutions advocating "the continuance of the conciliatory peace policy," and "approving the benevolent design of those who are co-operating with the Government to secure this end." It will be a sad thing if this policy is to be upset by the restless spirit of professional soldiers and the heartless covetousness of land speculators.

As the subject must occupy public attention before long, our readers may be pleased with a brief recol-

lection of a visit to Washington city last summer by some of the most noted Indian chiefs of the Far West, "Red Cloud," "Swift Bear," "Yellow Hair," "Spotted Tail," and others. Everything was done to impress the savages with the splendours and power of civilisation. Imposing displays of military weapons were made, and magnificent banquets provided, but the Indians preserved the passive self-possession which marks their race. In steadiness of purpose and eloquence of speech they made no unworthy appearance in the council halls of Washington, especially at the meeting with the Secretary of State and the Indian Commissioner. Dressed in their savage finery, they shook hands and smoked the inevitable pipe, and then listened to a speech from the Secretary. He told them at length that their requests had been considered; that they should not be disturbed in their present hunting grounds, and that they should have rations and clothes. The Indians listened attentively and were thankful, but they were anxious to know about the powder and shot. The Secretary, compelled to meet the ugly question, said they had asked for powder and lead, and he would tell them just how the whites felt about that. The white people living on the frontier had been frightened. They say that "Red Cloud" and his people have been threatening them. They are afraid they will hurt the people along the frontier. We want "Red Cloud" and his people to say to us here, before they go away, that they will never do so, and will keep peace with all our people who are there. When they have said that, and we can tell the border people so, we think they will no longer be afraid to let the Indians have arms to hunt with. There have been people killed near the Pacific Railroad, and we do not know who did it. Some say it was Sioux, others Cheyennes, and still others the Arrapahoes.

"Red Cloud" was listening attentively, and was too shrewd to permit the Secretary to get out of the arms dilemma in this way. He quickly remarked that he had heard this before he came to Washington, and said, what was true, that there were no Sioux as far south as the railroad; that they were all north of the Platte. The Secretary continued that they would believe what "Red Cloud" said; but, as our people are frightened, we cannot say that we will give them guns; we must wait until there is peace with all the Indians before we can do it. Thus he was compelled to directly deny their request, and he concluded his remarks by recapitulating the benefits the whites would confer, and that Mr. Bruno, of the Indian Peace Commission, would be sent out to see them, and to hear if they have any complaints. The great thing he wanted to say was that so long as they kept the peace the whites would try to do everything they asked that was right. He sat down, but the savages gathered only one idea from his speech—they were to have no guns.

After a few moments of silence, "Red Cloud" arose, shook hands with the officials, and delivered, by the aid of an interpreter, a speech of wondrous imagery and eloquence, that condensed the whole story of Indian wrongs. He began by saying that he came from where the sun sets. The officials, he said, were raised on chairs; he wanted to sit as he did where the sun sets. Then the warrior sat upon the floor in Indian fashion, and proceeded. The Great Spirit had raised him naked. He ran in no opposition to the Great Father who sits in the White

House. He did not want to fight. He had offered his prayer to the Great Spirit that he might come here safe and well. What he had to say to them and to his Great Father was this:—

"Look at me. I was raised where the sun rises; now I come from where he sets. The nation which has the bow and arrow—the red man—and the whites were raised together on this land. Whose voice was first heard on this land? It was the red people's, who used the bow. The Great Father may be good and kind, but I can't see it. I am good and kind to the white people, and have given my lands, and have now come from where the sun sets to see you. The Great Father has sent his people out there and left me nothing but an island. Our nation is melting away like the snow on the side of the hills when the sun is warm, while your people are like the blades of grass in spring when summer is coming. I do not want to see the white people making roads in our country. Now that I have come into my Great Father's land, see if I shed any blood when I return to my home. The white people have sprinkled blood on the blades of grass about Fort Fetterman. Tell the Great Father to remove that fort, so that we will be peaceable, and there will be no more trouble. I have got two mountains in that country, the Big Horn and the Black Hills. I want no roads there. Stakes have been driven into that country, and I want them removed. I have told these things three times, and have now come here to tell them the fourth time. I have made up my mind to talk this way. I don't want my reservation in the Missouri. Some of your people here are from there, and know what I say. What I hear is that my children and old men are dying off like sheep. The country don't suit them. I was born at the Forks of the Platte; my father and mother told me the lands there belonged to me. We are the last of the Ogallalabs. We have come to know the facts from the Great Father; why the promises made to us have not been kept. A treaty was made with us in 1852, and the man who made that treaty (General Mitchell) is the only one who told me the truth. Goods which have been sent out to me have been stolen all along the road, and only a handful would reach me to go among my nation. Look at me. Here I am, poor and naked. I was not raised with arms; I always want to be peaceable. The Great Spirit has raised you to read and write, and has put papers before you, but he has not raised me in that style. The men whom the President sends us are soldiers, and have no sense and no heart. The whites are going through my country and killing the game, and it is the Great Father's fault. You are the people who should keep the peace. For the railroads you are passing through my country I have not received even so much as a brass ring for the land they occupy. I wish you to tell that to the Great Father. You whites make all the ammunition, what is the reason you don't give it to us? Are you afraid we are going to war? You are great and powerful, and we are only a handful. I do not want it for that purpose, but to hunt game with. I suppose I must at some time go to farming, but I cannot do it right away."

This closed "Red Cloud's" speech, every sentence of which was received with grunts of hearty satisfaction (Indian applause) by the assembled warriors. "Little Bear" followed in the same strain, complaining of maltreatment by the whites of his young men when engaged in farming. The

Secretary of the Interior promised to report all that was said to the President, and this closed the Council.

To correctly understand "Red Cloud's" speech it must be recalled that in 1866, when General Pope started to construct some roads and build forts in the Sioux region, for the protection of the emigrants to Montana, "Red Cloud" refused to give permission, gathered 3,000 warriors, and by a consummate exhibition of Indian strategy artfully drew Colonel Fetterman, with seventy-five men, into an ambush and slaughtered them. He afterwards besieged the forts, compelled their abandonment, drove the surveyors off the roads and the whites out of the country, and in this way "Red Cloud" was raised to a high pitch of admiration among his savage followers. Since then there have been more negotiations, a cessation of hostilities, attempts to survey roads and build forts, efforts to get "Red Cloud's" tribe to remove to another reservation on the Upper Missouri, and a movement to cut off their supplies of lead and ammunition.

"Red Cloud," at his last interview with the President, repeated substantially his speech given above, and to it the President replied that he had always and still desired to live at peace with the Indians, and so long as his official authority existed it would be used for their protection against encroachments of white people as well as for the protection of the whites against the red men. Fort Fetterman, he explained to "Red Cloud," was for the protection both of the whites and the Indians, and might be used as a base for their supplies. The appropriations made by Congress for the benefit of the Indians would be expended consistently with what was right to be done, and the Secretary of the Interior had been properly instructed with regard to this matter. The Indians listened with eager attention to their interpreter, as he translated the President's remarks, and their blank looks showed how very unsatisfactory those remarks were. They silently shook hands and passed out, dissatisfied, from the sight of their Great Father.

SOME ENGLISH CUSTOMS FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

[It is sometimes useful "to see ourselves as others see us," and in this view we give some notes that have been sent to us from an American lately in London, but who has returned to his home in the Far West.]

The "Own Correspondents" of London papers, and some other people who visit America, profess to see much that excites surprise, and much that awakens feelings more unpleasant.

There are many things with which English people are so familiar that they look upon them as something quite necessary to the order of nature, but which strike an American traveller with greater surprise than anything that an Englishman sees to blame in the United States.

An American, for example, on reaching London and walking along any of its streets, is painfully astonished at the wretchedness and rags that are constantly before his gaze. He is annoyed by ragged and even by well-dressed beggars that meet him everywhere—not only in the streets, but in the hotels, dining-rooms, theatres, and places of amusement. Everywhere, too, by night and by day, he meets

with drunken men and women and dirty ragged children.

The number of public-houses and drinking-shops seems enormous. The newspapers every day contain numerous reports of cases of drunkenness and its consequences, and philanthropists deplore the excessive drinking habits of the people. Yet no successful attempts are made to reduce the number of places licensed to sell intoxicating liquor.

The number of policemen also seems extraordinary. Disorder and crime must abound when so many officials for their repression are required.

The hotel-keeper is expected to charge for attendance in his bill, yet well-dressed beggars, in the shape of waiters, demand additional money from the guest who is leaving. An American learns that there are in the world strong able-bodied men who actually pay money for, and work hard in situations, in order to obtain good opportunities for begging. It is the same in theatres and places of amusement. Payment is made for the entertainment, but respectably dressed beggars, in the shape of box-keepers and other attendants, are not ashamed to beg on their own account. It is the same in travelling, the guards and railway porters beg for money, if not in words by "signs" equally intelligible, and if not satisfied will give only grudging attendance. Even in churches the similar system of begging from strangers is practised.

On seeing the number of blind and other afflicted people in the streets a foreigner is astonished to learn that the national government, which is so lavish of its money to many who neither deserve or need it, gives nothing towards erecting or supporting asylums for the blind, the deaf and dumb, and others hopelessly and helplessly afflicted. There are hospitals "sustained by voluntary contributions" professing to give relief to the poor, but with very few exceptions it is with the utmost difficulty that any benefit can be derived from them. Accidents are attended to, but other cases of distress can obtain relief only through letters of recommendation and troublesome processes of canvassing and voting. Criminals are treated in a princely way, but the honest poor have hard lines.

The English bankruptcy laws, and also the marriage laws, seem scandalous and disgraceful to any foreigner who has the misfortune to acquire the slightest knowledge of them. They seem made for the express purpose of giving bad men the legal right to wrong their fellow-creatures. When an American sees in the public reports of the proceedings of the Bankruptcy Court a case headed "In re —," because the bankrupt is too highly connected to have his name appear before the public—when he learns that much of the crime in the land is committed by men whose time for previous convictions has not yet expired—and when he sees that great crimes, such as theft, wife-beating, and the adulteration of food, are but lightly punished, while such trifling offences as an aged pauper refusing to work in the workhouse is punished with inhuman severity, he reads with a smile of contempt the criticisms of "Our own Correspondents" of the London papers.

If an intelligent Englishman should know of a family named Smith, who in their own opinion monopolised all the virtues of England, who were ever applying the family name to every quality good and great in human nature, and who were ever

speaking of "true Smith courage," "Smith honour," "Smith generosity," "Smith love of fair play," and so on, he would be nearly as much amused as a foreigner is at hearing a whole nation doing the same thing, and assuming to itself all the virtues of the civilised world, by its boasts of English courage, English honour, and English love of fair play.

A foreigner, while amused at the idea of all the virtues being thus qualified by the word "English," also observes that many crimes are stigmatised as "un-English," and that this is often the case with crimes that are seldom committed by any people except her Majesty's subjects.

An American is amused by seeing judges and lawyers in the English courts dressed as though they were going to represent the character of Mrs. Partington on the stage. An American cannot imagine how it is possible for others to think that such an attire confers the slightest dignity. With him it commands anything but respect, when seen with a beard.

With regard to peculiarities of speech, whether of dialect or accent, in travelling through England there is found a larger proportion of the population who speak English unintelligibly, in fact far worse than any people in Canada, the United States, Australia, Ireland, or any part of the world where the English language is spoken. Yet Englishmen are about the only people in the world who ridicule foreigners who cannot speak their language correctly.

There is enough of the English element in America for the occasional production of a caricature of a statesman or some other man who has made a name in the land, but educated Americans generally cannot see anything to admire in caricaturing any man living or dead. They look upon that sort of wit, if wit it can be called, in about the same manner as they would on the efforts of a little schoolboy who makes an ugly picture on a slate, and showing it to another boy, says, "That's you." If a man differs in politics, religion, or philosophy from another whom he wishes to prove in the wrong, let him explain that difference with reasoning and in plain language to his own advantage if he can, but to publish to the world a bad or offensive picture of another is only allowed by a custom which the French use, but which Americans of the better class are ashamed of.

An American in London meets with hundreds of people who can or will talk of nothing but horses and horse-races. Frequently he meets with companions of four or five men who, should he remain in their society for many hours, would utter not a word but what related in some way to horse-racing. From their loud talk and manner one would suppose they were on a race-course and the horses about to start, yet the event upon which there is, to a sensible man, so much senseless vulgar talk, may be one expected to take place one hundred miles away and three or four months in the future. To a foreigner living and moving about amongst the people, on railways, steamboats, and in hotels, the subject becomes wearisome. It is quite as bad as politics in America a month before a "Presidential Election." The Americans have not yet established a national system of gambling in which four or five millions of people, men, women, and children, seem highly interested; but when they do, I hope that system will not be horse-racing.

The rude violent manner in which well-dressed and apparently respectable people push each other

about in London crowds would not be tolerated by any other people, however uncivilised they may be. In no other land but this are women and children in any danger of being run over and crushed to death by crowds of men anxious to obtain a front-rank view of a procession, an illumination, or a dead body. The coarse and blasphemous language, also, which is continually heard in the streets is such as never is heard in America, except where British emigrants abound.

Nor is violent and rude behaviour confined to the lowest orders. It is only in the large cities of England that young men can amuse themselves with impunity in a crowd by throwing flour or meal over well-dressed men and women. This may be thought mere fun and good-humour. This "good-humour" has a very vulgar appearance to foreigners—to people who have learnt to behave themselves in a multitude, and where the folly of throwing a handful of flour over others would meet with instant punishment from indignant onlookers. It is only in England, too, that aristocratic offenders of this sort would receive a slight fine for such conduct, while poor people are sent to prison for trifling offences.

The veneration with which English people regard old customs, however absurd and ridiculous, to Americans seems a peculiarity not always to be admired. I remember being met in the City one day by two or three hundred children, accompanied by some parish officials, wearing grey hair and fantastical clothes. The children were all armed with long rods, and were occasionally ordered to stop, when they beat the pavement and the walls as though each was trying to kill a rattlesnake. I learnt that this performance was called "Beating the Bounds." Many of the children looked too bright and intelligent to be guilty of keeping up such a ridiculous custom of their own accord, had they not been led by men who might be better employed. I do not object to old customs, but it seems stupid to keep up rude usages, of which this is an example, in days when surveying and map-drawing are practised, and when the boundaries of parishes are surely preserved, without disturbance of business, and a day being given over to idleness and dissipation.

A foreigner is surprised to learn that shopkeepers who rob the poor by using false weights and measures will only be fined a few shillings! The whole proceeding of punishing him for a great crime, especially for the third or fourth conviction, is a farce apparently answering no other purpose than advertising the man's business. The poor people either never hear of the conviction, or do not mind being robbed. The one or two hundred little robberies committed by him in one day pays the fine the court imposes. Even in an un-Christian land like Turkey such rogues would be nailed to the post by the ears in the market-place. In America, where all the people can read, the report of his conviction would leave him no more customers to cheat.

I might speak of matters of still higher importance both in Church and State, but I forbear. Suffice it to say that in many little incidents and wants of daily life, an American in London is constantly reminded that he is in a land where the people put up with a great deal of imposition, and display much that is ridiculous and offensive, merely through the conceit that they are in honest, free, and happy England, where everything is better than elsewhere in the world.

Varieties.

POSTAL CARDS.—On the day when they first came into operation, 575,000 cards passed through the London Post-office alone, and the average daily number since is estimated at about 96,000. An enumeration has also been made of the cards circulating through the Post-offices in the United Kingdom during one week, and they were found to number about 1,668,000—1,374,000 in England, 167,000 in Scotland, and 127,000 in Ireland.

CHOLERA.—Of cholera itself it must be confessed, after forty years' experience and inquiry, that we know literally nothing. That it did not really appear for the first time in India in the year 1817 is more than probable—perhaps certain; but that it first acquired in that particular year the power and character of a sweeping epidemic is certain also. That it resembles, again, in every symptom the disorder described by Sydenham is true, and perhaps we shall not be far wrong in regarding it as some Asiatic variety of the complaint which at certain seasons and under given conditions slips itself, as it were, into the old English shell. But of the real nature or proper treatment of the disease we are as ignorant as we were forty years since, nor are the doctors in India any wiser. Still, we do seem able to exert some control over the plague, for it was repressed more successfully in 1854 than in 1849, and more effectually in 1866 than in 1854. These facts are beyond question, and we are entitled to make the best of them. We have had our warnings, and have been taught what to avoid. We know in a general way what to do, and not only is the duty simple, but its performance is certain to be for our benefit, whether the cholera comes or not. Whatever tends to prevent the propagation of the pestilence will infallibly tend to the improvement of the public health, the comfort of our lives, and the welfare of the people. The prescription, in short, is little more than cleanliness—with such a care for the air we breathe and the water we drink as ought never, in any seasons, to be dispensed with.

SWISS CONDENSED MILK.—Dr. Lankester, coroner for Central Middlesex, at an inquest on the death of an infant from diarrhoea, said that a large loss of infant life was caused by the use of sour or turned milk. He believed more infant lives were lost by improper feeding than all other casualties together. He would recommend all mothers and nurses to use the condensed milk. It was the very essence of milk, and would keep a long time perfectly sweet.

COCOA-NUT PROTECTORS.—The coast of Ceylon is in many places lined with a broad belt of cocoa-nut groves, perhaps unequalled in the world. There are no enclosures, nor are the people very honest; but the fruit is preserved from depredation by a simple contrivance. One of its great palm-like leaves is laid up against the stem of the tree, some six feet from the ground, and there secured, by tying its leaflets around the trunk. This is no charm, contrived by superstition; but to tear it down, when dried, in order to ascend the tree freely, or to climb over the dry frond, would produce such a noise as to alarm the most sleepy inmate of an adjacent hut. These guards could only be circumvented by scaling-ladders.—*Commodore Perry, U.S.N.*

A FRIEND'S REBUKE.—Some years ago the attention of people passing near the drawbridge at Hull was attracted by hearing a man on a barge swearing in a most awful manner. A Wesleyan minister spoke to him, but without effect, and the bystanders waiting till the bridge went down had to submit to the painful sounds. Presently a Quaker came up, and with a loud voice called out, "Swear on, man, swear on." The Wesleyan minister expressed surprise that he should tell a man who was blaspheming so dreadfully to swear on. The Quaker said he could hear there was a deal of bad within the man, and it wanted to come out. Whether it was the oddness of the advice, or whether the conscience of the man was touched, he was silent from that moment, instead of replying with abuse, as might have been expected. Many months afterwards one of the bystanders met the same boatman in Hull, and asked him if he remembered when he was swearing so under the drawbridge when the Quaker spoke to him. "Yes, I do," he said; "and an oath has never passed my lips since." He learned afterwards that the boatman had become an altered man, and the beginning of his change dated from the time when the pious Quaker's strange advice arrested his attention.—*J. R.*